



®

# SPAWN

®

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**11**  
**JUN**

DIGITAL  
EDITION





# **image**

COMICS PRESENTS:

# "HOME"



story

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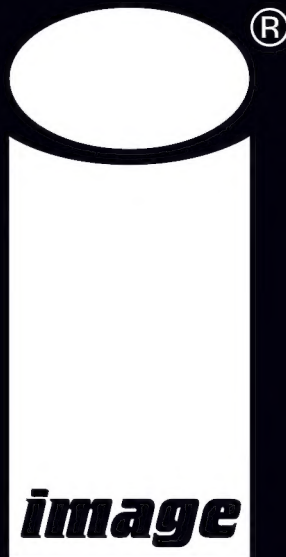
Dedicated to:  
**GIL KANE**

FOR IMAGE COMICS

LARRY MARDER - exec. director    TONY LOBITO - publisher

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**image**





NOW, LET'S GET  
BACK TO REALITY.

SPAWN'S BEEN HAVING  
NIGHTMARES.

THAT'S THE ONLY  
EXPLANATION.

AL! FOR  
CHRISSAKE,  
BUDDY!

**SNAP  
OUT  
OF IT!**

**YEEAAHGG!**



GGREAYAH!!

IT AIN'T REAL, BOY! COME ON! THEY'LL CALL THE COPS ON US!

HE'S GOT IT BAD, YES HE DOES.

SORRY ABOUT THIS, AL.

SHAKK

BLARGG!

YUURGGG!

hnh?

BOBBY.

AND BOOTS.

GUYS. IT'S YOU.


THANK GOD.

OH, MOTHER. THAT WAS TOO DAMN WEIRD. DEMONS AND NEW AGE GIRLS AND REALLY MEAN ANGELS AND A TALKING AARDVARK...

HE SMOKED, TOO

... A TALKING AARDVARK...





AARDVARK,  
huh? WITH ME  
IT'S USUALLY  
RATS AND LIZARDS.  
AND BEETLES.  
I GET A LOT  
OF BEETLES.

I  
MOSTLY  
GET  
BATS.

BUT I  
DON'T  
**DRINK**,  
DAMN IT!

SORRY,  
I'M HAVING  
A ROUGH  
TIME.

YOU KNOW,  
BIG GUY, WE'VE  
BEEN HANGING OUT  
FOR A WHILE NOW--  
BUT I AIN'T HEARD SO  
MUCH AS A SOB STORY  
OUTTA YOU. NOT SO  
MUCH AS A SHE  
DONE ME WRONG.

I DON'T MEAN  
TO POKE MY NOSE  
WHERE IT DON'T  
BELONG, BUT WHO  
THE HELL ARE  
YOU?

IT'S THE  
WINE,  
YES IT IS.

THAT'S A LONG  
STORY. AND IT DOESN'T  
HAVE A PUNCHLINE. LET'S JUST  
SAY THAT ALL I KNOW IS THAT  
I'M KIND OF LIKE BOOTS,  
OVER THERE.

HE'S SO IN  
LOVE WITH THOSE  
BOOTS OF HIS, THAT'S  
WHAT WE CALL HIM. THEY'RE  
ALL HE'S GOT, SO HE  
TAKES CARE OF THEM.

AND ALL I'VE  
GOT IS YOU GUYS AND  
THIS ALLEY. YOU'RE MY  
FRIENDS-- AND THIS  
IS MY HOME.





YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY, AL! THAT'S GOT TO BE THE COPS!

NO. THAT'S A FIFTY-MILLIMETER TSUNAMI. IT'S JAPANESE. COPS DON'T USE IT. IT'S MILITARY.

SPAWN HAS SEEN THIS WEAPON IN ACTION BEFORE. BACK WHEN HE WAS AL SIMMONS AND HE WAS ALIVE.

IT'S A HAND-HELD TANK STOPPER. IT CAN REDUCE A BRADLEY TO SHRAPNEL WITH A SINGLE SHOT.

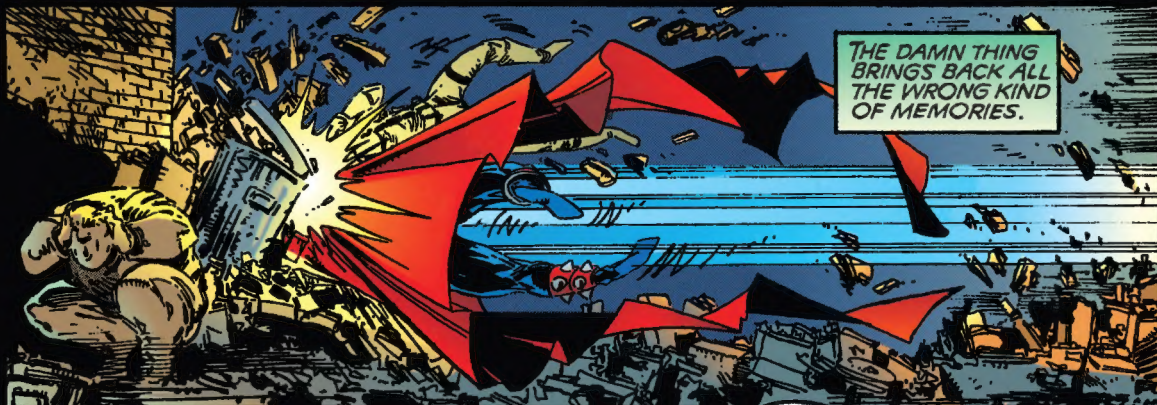


USE IT ON A HUMAN AND YOU'RE TALKING SPAGHETTI SAUCE.

THE LUMPY KIND.

JEEZ LOUISE--  
--WHAT A BOOM!





THE DAMN THING  
BRINGS BACK ALL  
THE WRONG KIND  
OF MEMORIES.



SAVE  
ME.



YAAGHH!

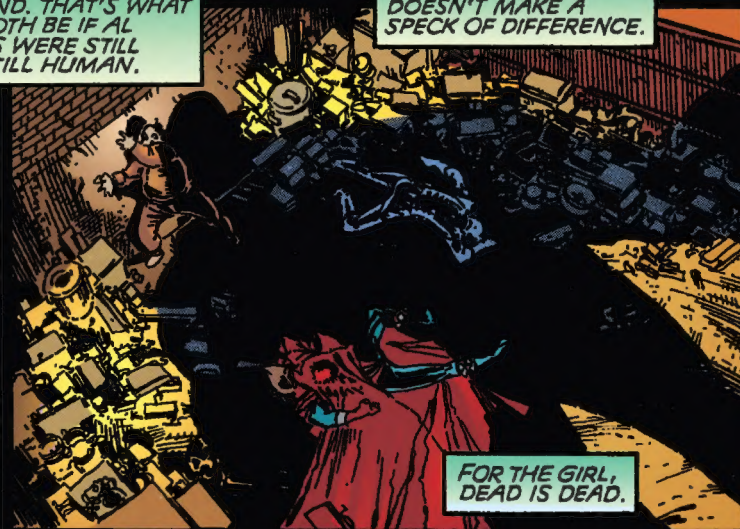
BOOM

SAVE



SPAGHETTI SAUCE, THE  
LUMPY KIND. THAT'S WHAT  
THEY'D BOTH BE IF AL  
SIMMONS WERE STILL  
ALIVE. STILL HUMAN.

BUT FOR THE GIRL, IT  
DOESN'T MAKE A  
SPECK OF DIFFERENCE.



FOR THE GIRL,  
DEAD IS DEAD.





YOU  
SUNNUVABITCH!  
YOU KILLED  
MY PAL.

MAYBE  
I'LL KILL YOU  
TOO, YOU DRUNK  
OLD TURD.

I GOT A  
CASE OF THE  
**NASTIES**  
TONIGHT.



ME TOO.





BAD CASE.  
YOUR FAULT.

AL.

JEEZ LOUISE.

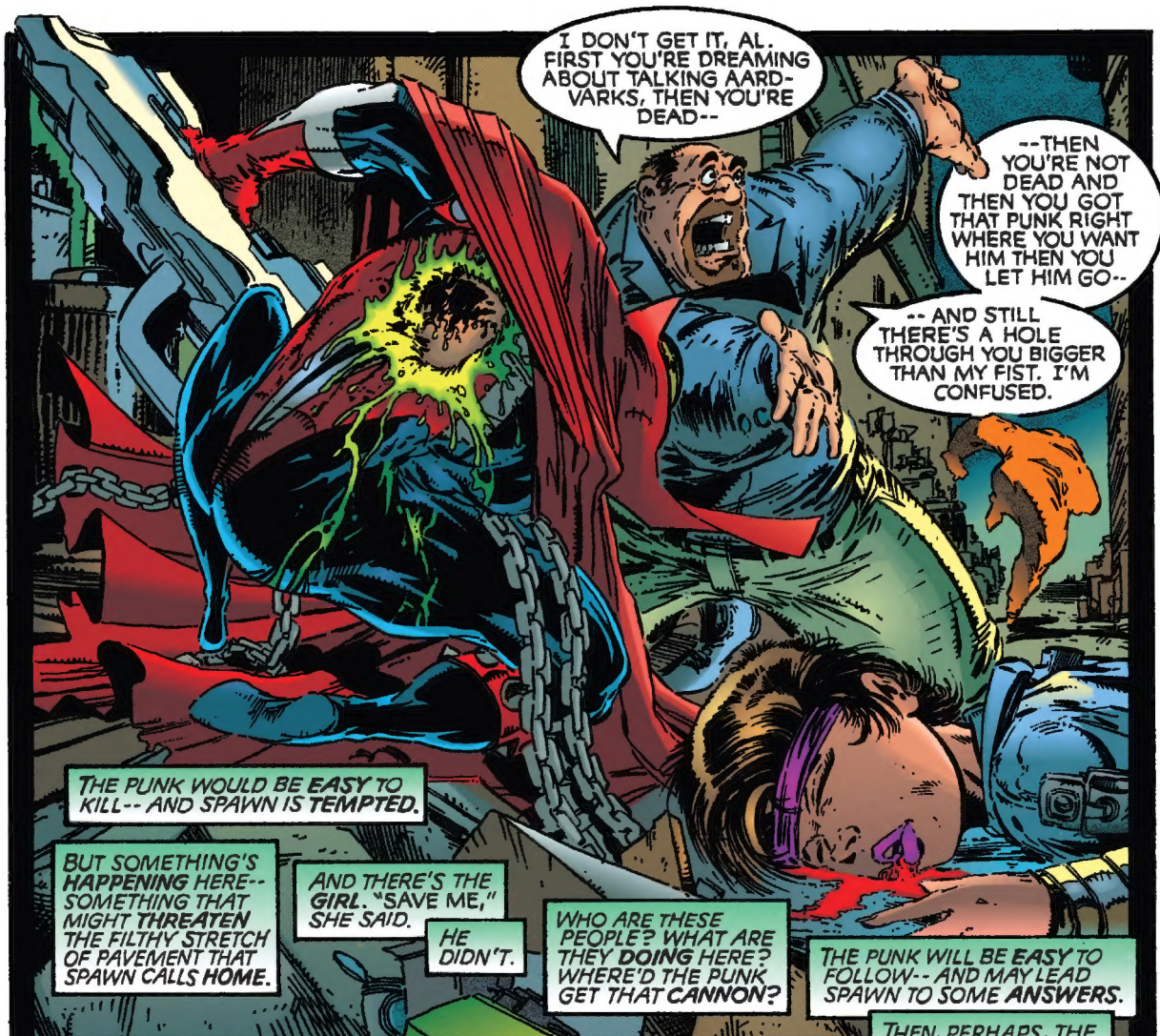
THIS

CAN'T

BE

HAPPENING.





I DON'T GET IT, AL.  
FIRST YOU'RE DREAMING  
ABOUT TALKING AARD-  
VARKS, THEN YOU'RE  
DEAD--

--THEN  
YOU'RE NOT  
DEAD AND  
THEN YOU GOT  
THAT PUNK RIGHT  
WHERE YOU WANT  
HIM THEN YOU  
LET HIM GO--

-- AND STILL  
THERE'S A HOLE  
THROUGH YOU BIGGER  
THAN MY FIST. I'M  
CONFUSED.

THE PUNK WOULD BE EASY TO  
KILL-- AND SPAWN IS TEMPTED.

BUT SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING HERE--  
SOMETHING THAT  
MIGHT THREATEN  
THE FILTHY STRETCH  
OF PAVEMENT THAT  
SPAWN CALLS HOME.

AND THERE'S THE  
GIRL. "SAVE ME,"  
SHE SAID.

HE  
DIDN'T.

WHO ARE THESE  
PEOPLE? WHAT ARE  
THEY DOING HERE?  
WHERE'D THE PUNK  
GET THAT CANNON?

THE PUNK WILL BE EASY TO  
FOLLOW-- AND MAY LEAD  
SPAWN TO SOME ANSWERS.

THEN, PERHAPS, THE  
KILLING STARTS.

BUT FIRST,  
PRECIOUS  
ENERGY  
SPENT.

AND NOW  
THERE'S NO  
HOLE. COULD'VE  
PUT MY FIST RIGHT  
THROUGH IT A  
MINUTE AGO AND  
NOW THERE'S NO  
HOLE. YOU'RE SOME  
STRANGE KIND OF  
GUY, AL. TRULY  
UNIQUE.









YEAH,  
YEAH, I **DID**  
THAT **CREEP**  
CHICK, ALL  
RIGHT? BUT I  
RUN INTO  
SOMETHING  
**REALLY**  
**WEIRD.**

IT WAS A **GUY**  
OR SOMETHING. IT  
WAS HARD TO TELL  
**WHAT**, WITH ALL THE  
**CAPE** AND **CHAINS**  
AND EVERYTHING--

--BUT IT  
TOOK A  
**DIRECT HIT--**  
IT HAD A  
**HOLE** RIGHT  
THROUGH ITS  
**CHEST** AND  
IT GOT BACK  
**UP!**

YOU'VE BEEN  
DOING SOMETHING  
YOU **SHOULDN'T**,  
HAVEN'T YOU, **BOOMER**?  
SOMETHING THAT GOES  
IN YOUR **ARM**. OR UP  
YOUR **NOSE**. OR DOWN  
YOUR **THROAT**. SOME-  
THING THAT MAKES  
YOU VERY, VERY  
**STUPID.**

THAT'S VERY  
**BAD**, **BOOMER**.  
YOU **KNOW** THE  
RULES. YOU JOIN  
THE **NERDS** AND  
YOU STAY **CLEAN**  
SO YOU DON'T  
START **SEEING**  
THINGS.

BYRON--  
HELP ME  
**ADVISE**  
HIM.

"**CREEPS**"?

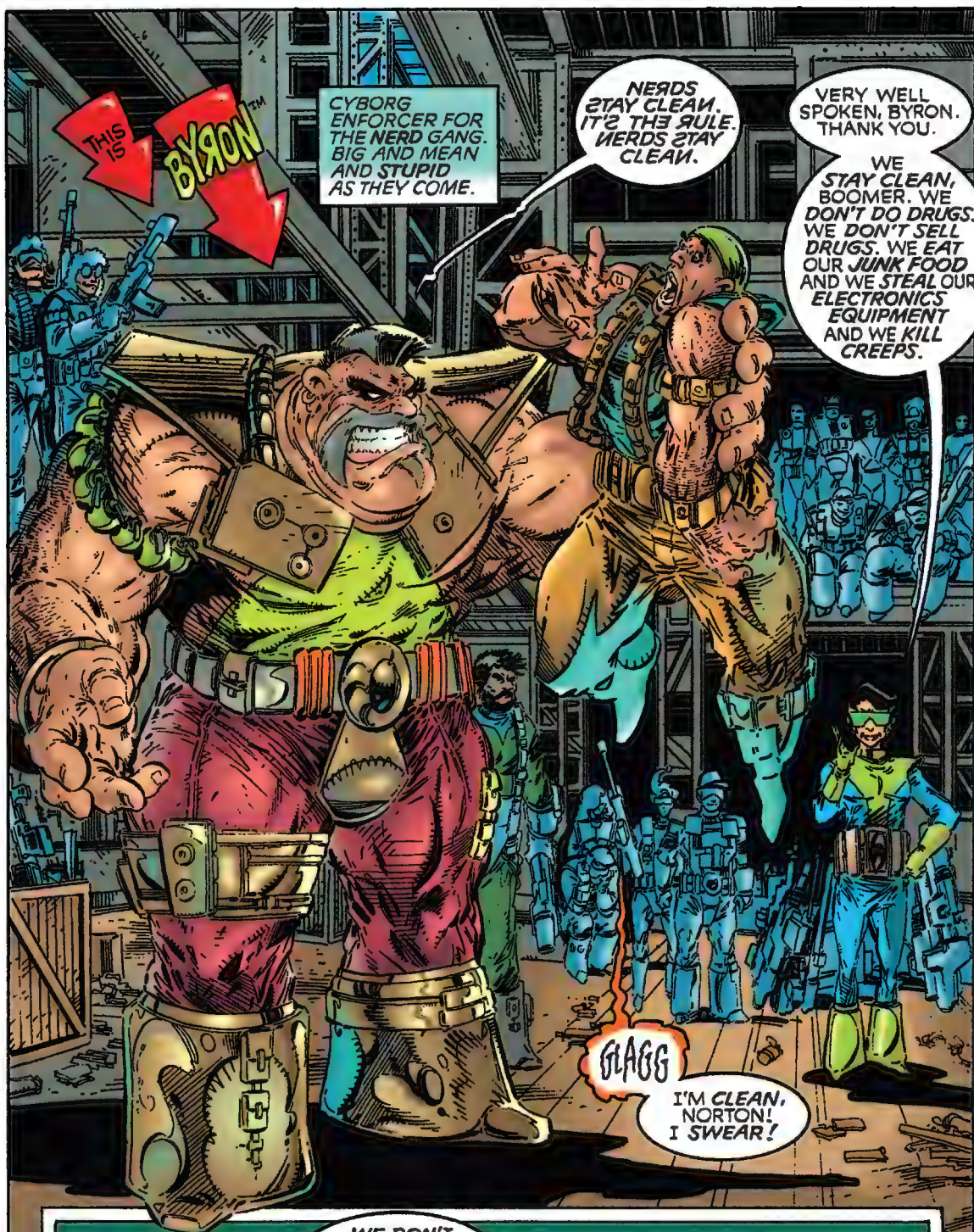
"**NERDS**"?

GANG NAMES.  
STREET GANGS.

THE PLOT  
THICKENS.

THEN ALL OF A  
SUDDEN THERE'S  
A GAG FROM THE  
ONE THEY CALL  
"**BOOMER**"--  
THERE'S A **HISS**,  
HYDRAULIC...





CYBORG  
ENFORCER FOR  
THE NERD GANG.  
BIG AND MEAN  
AND STUPID  
AS THEY COME.

NEEDS  
STAY CLEAN.  
IT'S THE RULE.  
NEEDS STAY  
CLEAN.

VERY WELL  
SPOKEN, BYRON.  
THANK YOU.

WE  
STAY CLEAN,  
BOOMER. WE  
DON'T DO DRUGS.  
WE DON'T SELL  
DRUGS. WE EAT  
OUR JUNK FOOD  
AND WE STEAL OUR  
ELECTRONICS  
EQUIPMENT  
AND WE KILL  
CREEPS.

GLASS

I'M CLEAN,  
NORTON!  
I SWEAR!

WE DON'T  
SWEAR EITHER,  
BOOMER! WE DO  
WHAT WE'RE  
TOLD!

WHITE MIDDLE CLASS  
COMPUTER GEEK  
STREET GANGS.

AT LEAST IT'S  
NOT A TALKING  
AARDVARK...





BRING HIM DOWN HERE SO THAT I CAN YELL AT HIM SOME MORE, BYRON.

THANK YOU, BYRON.

WHAT WE'RE TOLD. WE ARE NERDS.

GLUKK

I DONE WHAT YOU TOLD ME TO, NORTON! I DID THE CREEP CHICK. I'M JUST TELLING YOU THERE'S A PROBLEM WITH THAT ALLEY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE.

MAYBE WE SHOULD STAY AWAY FROM IT.

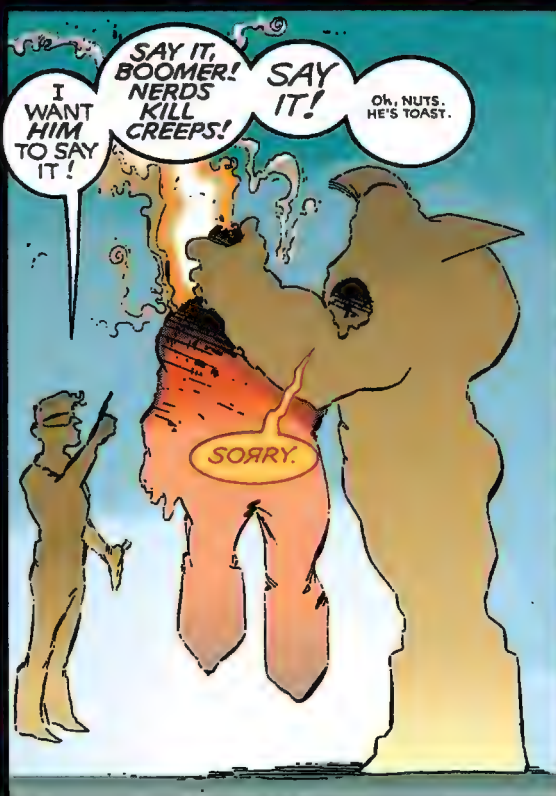
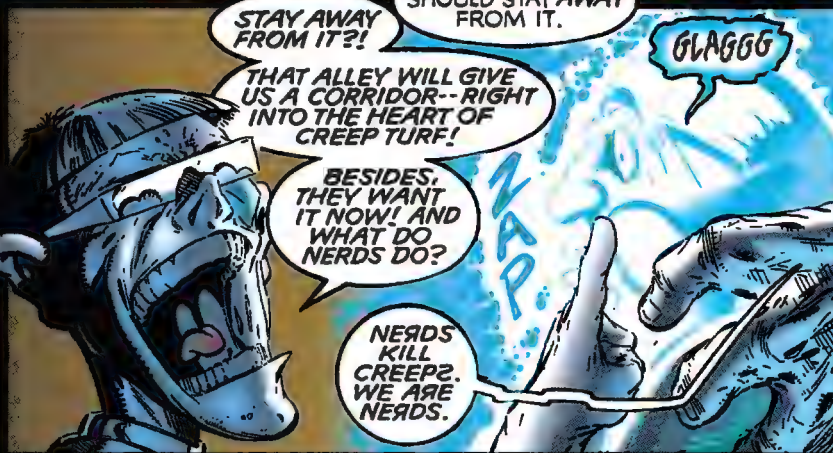
STAY AWAY FROM IT?!

THAT ALLEY WILL GIVE US A CORRIDOR-- RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF CREEP TURF!

BESIDES, THEY WANT IT NOW! AND WHAT DO NERDS DO?

NERDS KILL CREEPS. WE ARE NERDS.

GLAGGG



I WANT HIM TO SAY IT!

SAY IT, BOOMER! NERDS KILL CREEPS!

SAY IT!

OK, NUTS. HE'S TOAST.

SORRY.

A TURF WAR-- AND SPAWN'S HOME IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.

POWER DEPLETED, FIXING HIS CHEST. TOO MANY GUNS DOWN THERE TO GO AFTER THEM RIGHT NOW. ANYWAY.



IT'S THE WRONG TIME FOR AN ATTACK. HE LEARNED TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE-- BACK IN THE WARS.

THAT'S RIGHT. THINK LIKE A SOLDIER.

THERE'S AN IMPORTANT RULE TO WAR. IF ALL YOU'RE DOING IS DEFENSE, YOU'RE SCREWED.

YOU HAVE TO CREATE THE SITUATION.

BUT FIRST OF ALL, YOU WATCH OUT FOR YOUR BUDDIES...



MEANWHILE.

BACK AT THE ALLEY.

BACK HOME.

POOR DEAR. POOR DEAR.

YEAH, BUT WE GOT US A PROBLEM, BOOTS! WE CAN'T LEAVE A DEAD BODY LYING AROUND HERE--

--AND WE CAN'T STICK AROUND IF WE DO! THE COPS'LL BE ALL OVER US!

MAYBE THERE'S ROOM AT THE MISSION...

GANK GANK GANK

GET AWAY FROM HER, YOU BUMS!

THIS IS JAMES

CYBORG ENFORCER FOR THE CREEP GANG. BIG AND MEAN, BUT RATHER EMOTIONAL.

BUFFY! OH, SWEET BUFFY...

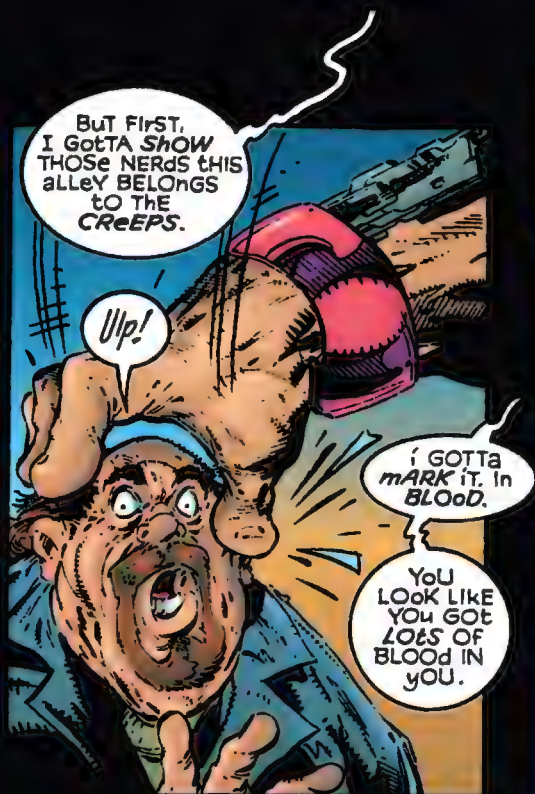
DON'T MIND US.

WE WERE JUST LEAVING...

THE NERDS WILL PAY FOR THIS. HEADS WILL ROLL. GUTS WILL FLY.

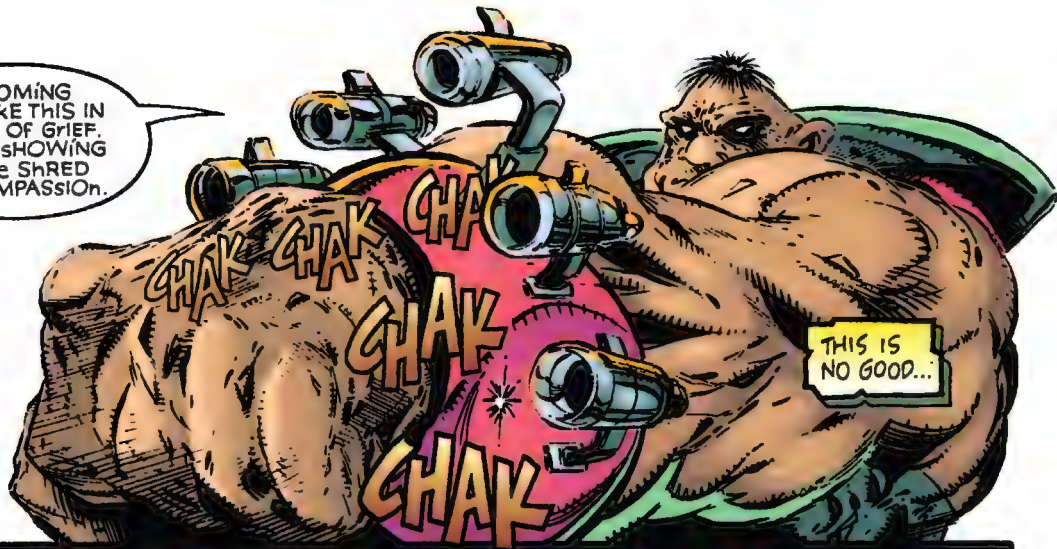
I'm GONNA Go ON A RAMPAGE, AS SOON AS I GET PERMISSION.







YOU COMING  
AT ME LIKE THIS IN  
MY HOUR OF GRIEF.  
YOU NOT SHOWING  
ME ONE SHRED  
OF COMPASSION.

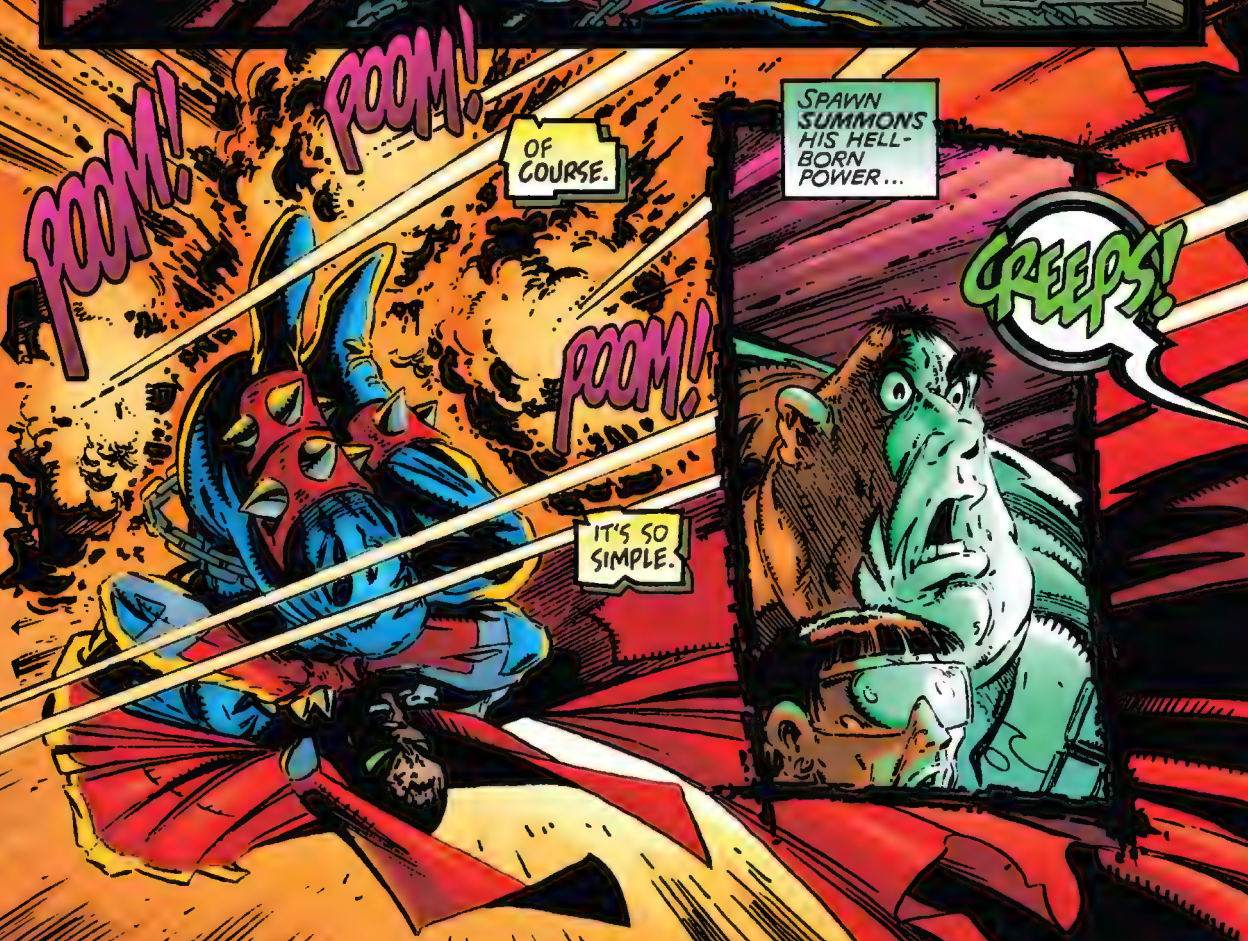


THIS IS  
NO GOOD...



... EVEN IF I BEAT THIS  
GUY-- THERE'LL BE MORE--  
FROM BOTH SIDES.

I'VE GOT TO  
CREATE THE  
SITUATION.



OF  
COURSE.

SPAWN  
SUMMONS  
HIS HELL-  
BORN  
POWER...

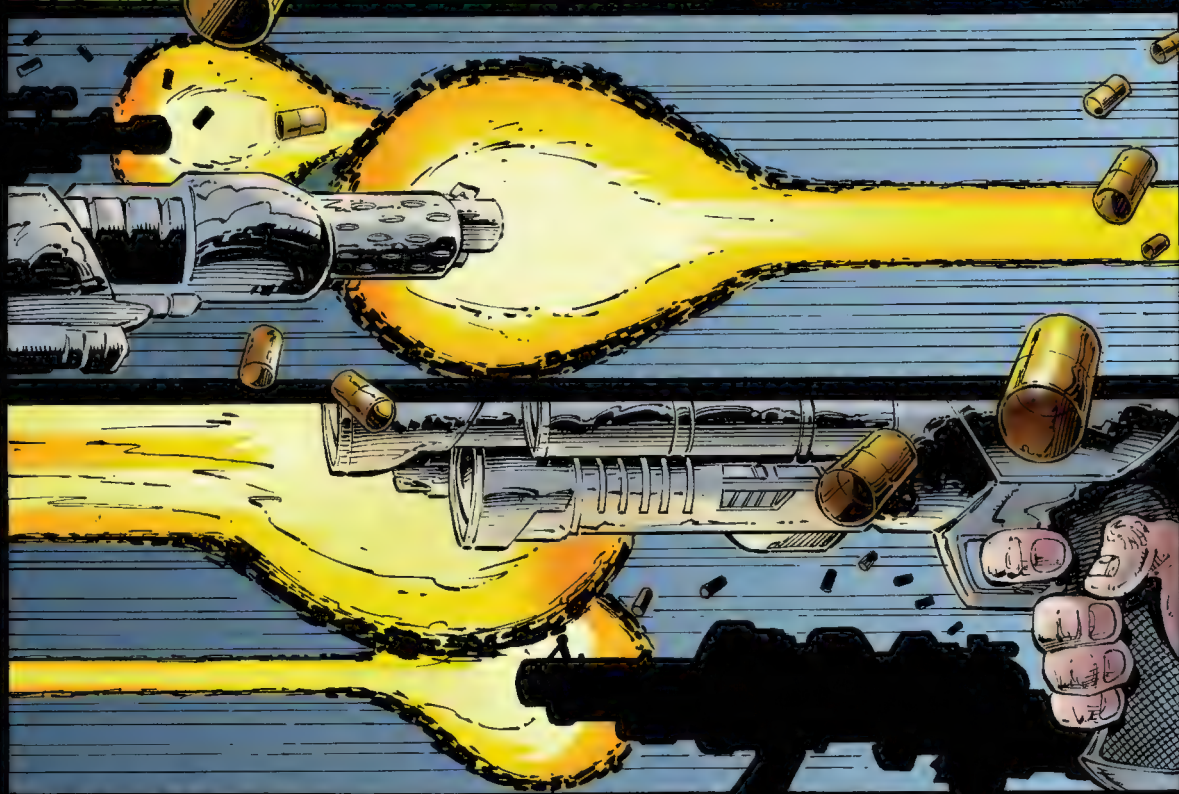
CREEPS!

IT'S SO  
SIMPLE.

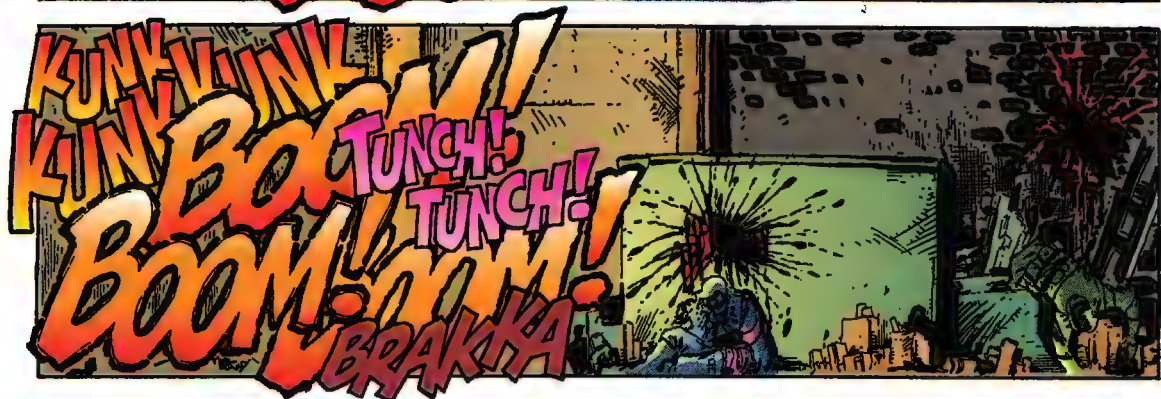














**HAH!**

CREEPS  
KILL NERD2!  
NERDS KILL  
CREEPS!  
ALL CREEPS DIE!  
ALL NERDS DIE!

ONLY

**BYRON™**

STILL  
LIVES!

BYRON...

BYRON™  
**RULES**  
THE ALLEY!  
BYRON™  
**OWN2**  
THE ALLEY!







...LET'S  
PLAY  
"ALIEN".

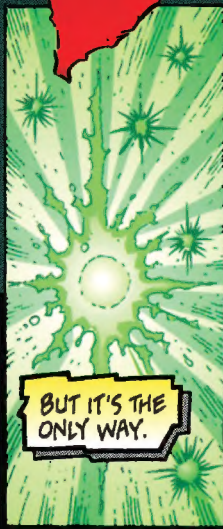


Huh?

TELEPORTATION.  
IT'S THE WORST.

BEING RIPPED TO  
ATOMS-- SCRAMBLED  
INTO A LIVING  
STREAM OF ENERGY.

MIGHT AS WELL  
NOSE DIVE INTO A  
MEAT GRINDER.



BUT IT'S THE  
ONLY WAY.



WHY'D HE  
SAY THAT?  
WHERE'D HE  
GO?

I DON'T  
KNOW. HE'S  
A PRETTY  
STRANGE  
GUY.

IT'S THE ARMOR THAT'S  
THE PROBLEM. FIVE-LAYER  
KEVLAR WITH A SPLASH  
OF AN ALMOST NUKE-  
PROOF PROTON-HEAVY  
ALLOY.



HUAK

THE ARMOR'S TOUGH.



BUT IT'S LIKE  
THE ESCAPE ARTIST  
HOUDINI SAID  
ABOUT A BANK  
VAULT HE LOCKED  
HIMSELF INTO.

--NOT TO KEEP  
PEOPLE IN.

GAGG!

GLURK


IT'S NOT FUN, AND  
IT'S NOT PRETTY--

IT'S BUILT  
TO KEEP  
PEOPLE OUT--

--BUT IT  
WORKS.







I'M NOT ASKING  
THIS TIME, AL. I'M NOT  
BUGGING YOU WITH A BUNCH  
OF STUPID QUESTIONS ABOUT  
STUFF THAT DON'T CONCERN ME.  
SOMETIMES A GUY'S JUST GOT  
TO REALIZE THERE'S THINGS  
THAT ARE SIMPLY BEYOND A  
GUY'S UNDERSTANDING. SO  
I'M NOT ASKING ABOUT  
HOW IT IS YOU POPPED  
INTO THAT GUY'S CHEST  
AND CAME BACK OUT.

BUT WHAT  
I AM ASKING  
IS WHAT ABOUT  
US? WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
ALLEY?

WE LET  
THE **COPS**  
CLEAN IT UP.  
THEN, YOU KNOW,  
WE MOVE  
BACK IN--

-- AND  
LIFE  
GOES  
ON.

NEXT-

Who killed  
**SPAWN?**







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE